

London's Vacation,
AND
The Countries Tearme.

OR,

A lamentable relation of severall remarkable passages which it hath pleased the Lord to shew on severall persons, both in *London*, and the Country in this present Visitation, 1636. with the number of those that dyed at *London* and *Newcastle*, this present yeare.

With new Additions.

By H. C.



LONDON.

Printed for *Richard Harper*, and are to be sold at his shop in *Smithfield*, at the *Hospitall Gate*. 1637.





To the Reader.

Our teares Reader, I here present to thy view a brief collection of severall passages, brought forth in this yeare of sorrow: yet as God is alwayes more wonderfull in his mercies, then in his judgements terrible to a repenting and sorrowfull nation; so in his chastisements and correction he alwayes shews some remarkable passages to those surviving, that they may speak and tell of his wondrous works to their childrens children. That great and terrible yeare 1625. when thousands upon thousands were piled up in our mother earth, was for terror and number the very next and immediate unto this now present, and that 1625. was the greatest that our Chronicles can afford, and yet then England was not halfe so much pestered with the violence of the Pestilence in severall places as now it is: as witnesse now that famous and fruitfull place that hath beene to many of our Merchants: Newcastle I meane; how many
A 2 there

To the Reader:

here have dyed this yeare, which in comparison to London is but an handfull of people, and there by just account from the 21 of May, 1636. to the 8. of Octob. of all, and in Garthead of the Plague. And moreover to many severall townes in the Countrey distant from London and about London, so that the wrath of the Lord is kindled; then like Niniveh, let us blesse God for the preservation of our good and pious King, who hath called a Fast; now let our hearts be but truly repentant, deserving this godly direction, and then we shall see this famous City London, not like a place neare Ierusalem, called Golgotha, but like Niniveh, which the Lord was pleased to spare by repentance and true humiliation. This time affords small trading or none at all, and those that have the trading at this season are Sextons, Coffin-makers, Grave-makers, and Beavers; all these have so much doings, that almost all other trades have none at all: the whole kingdome groanes under this heavy burden; Lord sheath the destroying Angels sword, and do thou go on in mercy as thou hast begun to cause the destroying Angel to hold his hand, that we may live to glorifie thy holy Name. Lord let thy divine comfort and assistance remaine with us day and night in this most distressed and dangerous time. Amen.

The

The number of those that dyed at New-castle in this present yeare.

1636
Buried of all diseases in
Newcastle, as follow-
eth.

May	21	59
May	28	55
June	4	91
June	11	122
June	18	99
June	25	162
July	2	133
July	9	172
July	16	184
July	23	212
July	30	270
August	6	366
Aug.	13	334
Aug.	20	402
Aug.	27	430
Septem.	3	460
Septem.	10	314
Septem.	17	220
Septem.	24	136
Octob.	1	80
Octob.	8	83

The totall is 4764.

1636
Buried in Garth-
head in Newcastle
as followeth.

May	30	10
June	6	24
June	13	19
June	20	34
June	27	40
July	4	75
July	11	66
July	18	60
July	25	60
August	1	29
August	8	17
August	15	23
August	22	23
August	29	14
Septem.	5	11
Septem.	12	7
Septem.	19	4
Septem.	26	6
Octob.	3	2
Octob.	10	2
Octob.	17	4

The totall is 515.

The totall of all the burials in London of all diseases
this present Visitation, 1636. is 27415.

Of the Plague.

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the wrath of the Lord is such, let us besse God for good and pious King, let our hearts be but truly in thy direction, and the City London, not like a red Golgotha, but like I was pleased to spare by visitation This time affords find those that have the Sextons, Coffin-makers, and others; all these have so much

other trades have none at all: the whole kingdom groanes under this heavy burden; Lord sheath the destroying Angels sword, and do thou go on in mercy as thou hast begun to cause the destroying Angel to hold his hand; that we may live to glorifie thy holy Name. Lord let thy divine comfort and assistance remaine with us day and night in this most distressed and dangerous time. Amen.

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12102.

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The



The relation of the man buried in S. Sepulchres new Church-yard, on Munday, being the 29. of August, 1636.

Mortals behold here prostrate to your sight,
The Cities terrour, and the Countries fright.

The Lord hath drawn his sword, many are slain,
And who can tell when 'twill be sheath'd again?
For sinne the Plague is now among us sent,
Many have sinn'd, and yet but few repent,
The City to the Countrey now are runne,
Although the Countrey them so much do shun,
And to speak truth some Citizens poore elves,
By flying thither, have undone themselves.
Yet some have said, 'lth Countrey they are free,
Blind fools are they which think God cannot see
In every place his power it self doth shew,
Strange things he doth, his wisdom willett so:
His sword is drawn among us, yet we spend
Our time in sinne, not thinking of our end:

So

So that the Lord to us may rightly say,
The people eat, and drink, and rise to play.
Mortals here note, and once your sinnes despise,
See here a mans grave digd, fore his own eyes,
In *S. Sepulchers* new Church-yard 'tis said,
I'th interim that his grave t'his mind was made,
He took his book and pray'd, oh blest be God
That chastis'd him with his paternall rod,
Which did not take his sence from him away,
But gave him time and sence to reade and pray:
And when of's prayers he an end had made,
Death ends his life, so he in's grave was laid:
Oh then remember this you that have health.
Death playes the theefe, takes many a one by
Before of him they think, this I may say (stealth,
He hardly will allow them time to pray.
Then we that live had need to pray apace,
That sees death and the grave before our face.
Let's humbly pray, and *Ninive* cloath-like,
Then God in mercy will forbear to strike.

Londons Vacation

*Of the man that revived again in S. Georges
Church-yard.*

A Countrey man, as 'twas to me reported,
About some businesse to this town resorted,
Finding himself not well, strait way he went
Into *S. Georges* fields in discontent,
He drunk a penny-worth of milk 'tis said,
And down upon the ground himself he laid;
The milk-woman of whom the milk he bought,
Told him to lie upon the ground 'twas naught,
And wisht him then to rise, but he replide,
That he would there but little time reside
Vpon the ground, onely to rest his head,
And sleep a little on that earthy bed;
She seeing him so resolutely bent,
Took up her milk-pail, and away she went.
And for a certain truth to me 'twas told,
That after she in town her milk had sold,
She came the same way home, and found him
As she poor woman then imagined, (dead
But 'twas not so, for in a trance lay he,
Yet others were deceiv'd as well as she;
For all that saw him did conclude and say,
The man is dead, let us make haste away,

And

And to the Sexton of the Parish go,
Telling him how it is, then let him do
As he sees fit, then unto him they told,
And did the matter unto him unfold.
And to the Masters of the Parish then,
The Sexton went with other honest men,
And told them how the matter then did stand,
The Masters of the Parish gave command
To bring the man that was supposed dead,
Into the Church-yard, which they quickly did,
And then the searchers they were fetcht with
So all concluded he was dead indeed; (speed,
And when the corps the Searchers had survaied,
They saw no cause why they should be afraid;
For of the Plague they found the man was free
As cleare a corps as ever they did see:
So then to bury him they all conclude,
But mark I pray what afterward ensue.
It being neare night, the Sexton did agree
To bury him when he could better see.
The first worke in the morning that he did,
Should be to bury him: meane while he hid
The man under a Coffin, as some say,
Not that he fear'd that he would runne away,
But that no ravenous thing should him offend,
So that in this he was the dead mans friend.

He

London Passies

He that lay nak'd so long upon the mould,
Surely he could not chuse but be a cold.
Next morning he did rise as from the dead,
And finding that himself was covered
Under a Coffin, he did wonder much,
He threw the Coffin off him with a touch:
Up he gets, then up and down did walk,
And at the length he heard some people talk;
Over a brick-wall then this man did clime,
And call'd for help, to call for help 'twas time:
Into the Ax yard then this man was carried,
And cherisht well till dead indeed and buried.
Before much people came him for to view,
Imagining that some of them him knew.
Five dayes after he liv'd, retaining breath,
And then he chang'd his mortall life for death.
Now in the same Church-yard his bones remain
Vntill the Trumpet raise them up again.

and the Countries Tearme.

*A true relation of certain wretches that robb'd a Hosiery
shop in the new Towne, neare S. Martins Lane,
putting the many goods into a Coffin.*

GOD spares the wicked sometimes for this end,
That they might see his judgmēt & amend.
But they contrariwise grow worse and worse,
And so pull down upon their heads a curse:
Neither Gods judgements nor his mercies can
Effectually work in a wicked man,
Witnesse the villanies that now are done,
Some to rob Orchards hastily will runne;
Others to break up houses will not spare,
From drunkenness & whoredome not forbear.
Among the rest of helhounds some there were
That without touch of conscience, grace or fear,
Most impudently with a Coffin went
To rob a Hosiery shop was their intent;
And late at night the man being forth 'tis said,
To rob his shop these knaves were not afraid,
But boldly took the stockings from the shelves,
And put them in the Coffin, wicked Elves.
The Coffin being full, they nayl'd it down,
And on their shoulders did go through the town
And with a link before away they passe,
And all that saw it thought no lesse but was

Londons Vacation

A Coarse, and he that ow'd the goods likewise,
Did see it bore away before his eyes.

He met them and did shun them, but at last (past
When he came home, and they from him were
He found himself robb'd, and almost undone.

And pitied was by every mothers sonne,
But he no news of them could ever heare,
What is become of them, or where they are:

Deaths house a coffin of mortality,
They made a cloke to hide their villany.

They cannot mock death long, for in the end
The hang-man with a rope will them befriend.

*Of 3. yongsters that presumed to rob an Orchard,
and fain'd themselves sick when the master
of it came to them.*

NOW what say you to three mad knaves that
went

To rob an Orchard all with one consent;
Muffled, they say, with clouts about their heads,
Like sick men newly crept from out their beds,
With each of them a bag under his arme,
As if they went on purpose to do harme;
And so into an Orchard these three comes,
And filld their bags with apples, peares, & plums.

The

and the Countries Tearme.

The good man of the house hearing a noyse,
And thinking them to be unhappy boyes,
Did take a cudgell, and to them he goes,
Minding for to bestow on them some blows:
But seeing that all their 3. heads were clouted,
Of them he was afraid, and him they flouted.
Can you not be content bold knaves, quoth he,
To rob mine Orchard, but indanger me
With your infectious breath? depart I say,
With bag and baggage, longer do not stay.
For if you do, the town Ile raise anon:
So fild their bags, I'm glad quoth he yo'r gone.

Instruction:

He that of Gods just judgement makes a sport,
Like these three men, one day shall suffer for't.
He that shall faine himself sick in this kinde,
To feare another, he perhaps may finde
A booty as these men did, and withall
A curse will follow to bring such to thrall.
Good God in midst of all our misery,
Shall we consent to plot a villany,
So great, so foule, so impudent and vilde!
Houses infected, and mens mindes defilde
With such impurity! can we expect (infect
The plague should cease, when we our selves
With

With sinne, that is the cause of all infection?
Can we do this and look for thy protection?
Lord of thy judgements let's not make a sport,
For if we do, thou'lt surely plague us for't.

*A strange and true report of a Gentleman riding
into the Countrey, finding himself not well, and
what chanced to him on the way.*

A Gentleman as true report doth tell,
Into the Countrey rode, a while to dwell:
Finding himself faint, he began to grieve,
And stripping up at last his doublet sleeve,
He found upon his arme some blew spots there,
Which like unto Gods tokens did appeare.
So spurs his horse, and speedily he rides
To the next town, and there all night abides:
But yet before he went to bed 'tis said;
In's chamber he a good fire coulde be made:
So when the Chamberlain had made a fire,
A payle of water he did then desire.
Then cal'd he for the best sheet in the Inne,
The which he wet, and wrapt himself therein.
The sheet being wet, and he starke naked in it,
About his body he did strait way pinne it,
Which being done, away to bed he went.
The morning being come, and the night spent,

He

and the Covetous Turne.

He found himself well, and his body cleare
From all those spots which before did appeare.
Strange physick this may seem to many a one,
And yet he prov'd himself a good physitian.
But yet my Doctor he shall never be,
Such physick sure would be the death of me.
And to conclude, he paid most liberally
For all he called for, especially
For his wet winding sheet, and gave command
To bury that same wet sheet out of hand,
A yard deep in the ground, or somewhat more,
Which was an honest care of him therefore.
And so for all things he gave them content,
Then takes his leave, and so away he went.
The sheet was buried too immediately,
But covetousnesse would not let it long lye
Vnder the ground, then buried as it were,
But took this sheet up without wit or feare.
And all of them that were so fool-hardy,
That sheet to take up, of the plague did dye:
And all the rest that had no hand in it,
Escapt the plague, who had more grace and wit.
Thus covetousnesse, that ne're did good to any,
Was here you see the enemy of a many.
Lord keep our hearts from filthy avarice,
Let's live content, and make us truly wise.

Of one that lost in his travell two bands wrapt in a napkin.

ONe lost two bands wrapt in a napkin faire,
A woman passed by as I do heare;
Her sonne and daughter as I understand
Was with her, unto whom she gave command
By any meanes not to take up those bands,
Lest with those things they should infect their
hands :

Her son obey'd her voyce, but yet her daughter
Willing to have those things, came slowly after,
And with her foot did spurn along these bands,
As being afraid to touch them with her hands;
Vntill she came unto a poole of water, after.
And then she washt them cleane, and followed

*Of one : that lay unburied foure dayes after he was
dead, being of the sicknesse.*

ACertain man lay dead as it is said,
Few miles from *London*, that made the
towne afraid.

Foure dayes above the ground this man did lye
Vnburied, tis reported certainly:

and the Countries Tearme.

To bury him no man durst be so bold,
Or lay his carkasse in an earthly mould,
Till with the sight of him they were oppressd,
And then one being wiser then the rest,
Did tell the Masters of the Parish this,
To send to *London* it were not amisse
For foure stout bearers, and we shall be rid
Of this annoyance: so it seemes they did,
So he was buried, and the men well paid
For burying him that made them all afraid.
Thus in the Countrey, City, great and small,
Time, death, and sicknes makes the stoutest fall:

The Belmans call on Thursday morning.

THIS day the weekly Bills come out
To put the people out of doubt
How many of the Plague do dye,
We summe them up most carefully.
But oh if our transgressions all,
Both how we sinne, and how we fall,
God should take notice what they are,
Where should we sinfull men appear?
We look upon the punishment,
But not upon the cause 'tis sent.
Remove the cause, and you shall see
The Plague shall soon removed be.

*Vpon a Gentleman full of the Tokens in Woods-
Close, that lay there two days, and after-
wards dyed.*

A Gentleman finding himself not well,
Walk't into th' fields neer unto *Clarkenwell*:
Finding himself diseas'd, he him betook
Into the fields, and company forsook,
And in Woods-close he lay, with wofull heart,
Grieving for sin (which is the cause of smart.)
He there upon the straw did humbly pray,
Having the Tokens on him as some say,
Most ardently unto the King of heaven,
That he of all his sinnes might be forgiven.
He marked was for death, God shew'd him he
Within this world had not long time to be.
Lord we are not worthy that same time to know,
When death shall summon us from hence to go.
Good God inable us to dye well then,
That we may live in heaven with perfect men.

and the Countries Tearme.

*Vpon a man and his wife going into the Country, to
visit their friends in this Visitation, and their
entertainment on the way.*

AN honest Citizen with's loving wife,
Into the Countrey went to save their life,
As they late fear'd, in *London* should be lost,
But note how they for't on the way were crost:
They came at night unto their journies end,
And for their money did expect a friend,
To finde i'th Countrey, but it prov'd not so,
For they i'th cage to lodge were forc't to go,
Or lye i'th street; this choice was put to them
They must be rul'd by law, or law contemn,
They lay i'th Cage, and glad to have fresh straw,
And when as morning came that light they saw,
The Constable dischar'd their lodgings hire,
With these same words, I'll set your beds on fire.

Londons Vacation

Londons Lord haue mercy upon us:

*Let all men consider both old men and yong,
They cannot live euer, although they live long:
Then sit down in sorrow, sigh, sob and relent,
Stay not till to morrow, before ye repent.*

Look on thy soul defilde with sinne,
Faire *London* look what thou hast done:
Gods high displeasure thou dost winne
For thy offences every one.
If *Ninevie* like thou pray and fast,
And to the Lord dost cry and call,
Hele blesse thee, though thy doores be crost
With *Lord haue mercy upon us all.*

The plague, alas, awo is me
Like fiery Serpents bites us fore:
The brasen Serpent must we see,
I meane our Christ whom we adore.
Our Saviour deare, whose life was lost,
To free us from eternall thrall,
Will blesse us though our doores be crost
With *Lord haue mercy on us all.*

and the Countries Tearme:

Pride now doth overwhelme the land,
And wickednesse doth much abound,
Which makes the Lord stretch forth his hand,
Our strange inventions to confound.
For now we see unto our cost,
Our great transgressions are not small,
Wherefore, alas, our doores are crost
With *Lord have mercie on us all.*

Let drunkards now their cups forsake,
That swallow down the dregs of sinne,
Let foule blasphemers stand and quake,
For their misdeeds that they have done.
For we are with afflictions tost,
And sorrow doth to us befall,
And now behold our doores are crost
With *Lord have mercy on us all.*

You that lascivious lives have led,
Imbracing fornication still;
That sleep upon a sinfull bed,
Your wicked fancies to fulfill.
Those vanities that you love most,
Bring horror, death, and deadly thrall,
And now, alas, our doores are crost
With *Lord have mercy on us all:*

Let

Londons Penitence

Let him that doth his brother hate,
Like Cain that kild his mothers sonne,
Repent before it be too late,
For his misdeeds that he hath done.
For sorrow is landed on our coast,
Our honey is turn'd to bitter gall,
And through our sinne our doores are crost
With *Lord haue mercy on us all.*

Let fall down drops you London Dames,
Let pensive teares fall from your eyes,
Come and consoile unto your sinnes,
Your pride, your lust, your vanities.
For ye in sinne are almost lost,
Therefore let's on our knees down fall,
And sighing say, our doores are crost
With *Lord haue mercy on us all.*

You harlots and you Trumpets lewd,
Vain glorious in your strange attire,
Whose hearts in sin are much imbrawd,
Repent with speed I you desire,
For sinne brings sadnesse to our coast,
Sinne caused Iesabell to fall,
And for our sinnes our doores are crost
With *Lord haue mercy on us all.*

and the Countreys Tearme.

We kill no dogge in every street,
But sinne in us we have not slain,
Sure we shall with destruction meet,
If wickednesse in us doth raigne.
For we in sinne our selves do boast,
One joying at anothers fall:
And therefore now our doores are crost
With *Lord have mercy on us all.*

We cleane each place from noysome smell,
We strive to purifie the ayre,
We wash our roomes where we do dwell,
We keep our houses sweet and faire,
The while our soules in sinne are lost,
With stinking sinne defiled all,
Which is the cause our doores are crost
With *Lord have mercy on us all.*

In stead of musk and sweet perfumes
We smel to Wormwood and to Rue,
For to secure us from our tombes,
Yet death will claime us as his due.
We are dissolv'd like Winter frost,
When *Phæbus* sunshine beames doth fall
And death we see our doores hath crost
With *Lord have mercy on us all.*

Let him that doth his brother hate,
Like *Cain* that kild his mothers sonne

Repent before it be
For his misdeeds the
For sorrow is landed
Our honey is turn'd
And through our sin
With *Lord haue mercy*

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Yet death will claime us as his due.
We are discol'd like Winter's colf,
When *Phæbus* sunshine beams do fall
And death we see our doores hath croft
With *Lord have mercy on us alle*

Ronne

I Runne through thornes with sighs & groanes,
L In Golgotha sit and mourne,
R The great destroyer of our bones,
P Pale death thou shalt our death raigne.
F He can do what he listeth,
C Ye crowns & kings he maketh to fall,
A And by his hand our dearest croft
With *Lord have mercy* on us all.

Have mercy Lord, to thee we cry,
We for our sinnes are grieved sore,
Great God of all eternity,
Our former follies we deplore.
Though we through sinne offend
Our God thou art, and ever shall,
Oh blesse us though our doore
With *Lord have mercy* on us all.

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I Runne through the streets with sighs & groanes,
L In Golgotha sit and complain,
R The great destroye of our bones,
F Pale death with thy shadow like doth raigoe.
E He can destroy a mighty host,
C Yea crowned Kings he makes to fall,
A And by his hand our doores are crost
With *Lord have mercy on us all.*

Have mercy Lord, to thee we cry,
We for our sinnes are grieved sore,
Great God of all eternity,
Our former follies we deplore.
Though we through sinne offend thee most,
Our God thou art, and ever shall,
Oh blesse us though our doores be crost
With *Lord have mercy on us all.*

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